

look like you know by tsaritsaa

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Summary:

A tryst with Billy goes further than intended.

look like you know

Author's Note:

for m. sorry this was written before the other smut.

Part of you wished you could go back to your simple, pedestrian life. It was easier back then. You went to school, gossiped about boys and the mean girls in your classes, came home and had pleasant meals with your parents. It was a quieter life.

But back then didn't have *Billy*.

He laid his weight more fully on you, and you let out a breathy sigh as you felt his hands work their way down your body, warm fingers curling around the fabric of your pyjama bottoms, your shirt already flung to a dark corner of your room. The cool air from the open window brought your nipples to stiff peaks, and you swallowed a groan as he bent his head to suckle one. He was so *warm*: his hands, his lips, his tongue – *christ his tongue* – and you couldn't stop yourself as you felt his teeth dragging over the sensitised flesh, throwing your head back onto the bed and gasping. Any reservations you had about inviting him over disappeared as he let a hand slip in between your folds, his fingers dragging over your clit in a way that made you shudder beneath him.

Tonight wasn't even meant to feature him at all – you had been studying for an English literature quiz (Shakespeare's *A Much Ado About Nothing*) but it didn't take long for you to grow bored with finding connections between Hero and Beatrice and explaining why it was so funny that Benedict and Beatrice refused to acknowledge their feelings for one another. You liked the Bard well enough, but your heart just wasn't in it tonight. It all paled in comparison to what was happening in reality – Shakespeare had yet to emulate the feeling of another boy's tongue on your skin through his words alone, and Billy just did that that sowell.

The two of you had clashed before – you had vague memories of making out with him at a few parties over the last couple of months, and it had escalated to a point where you would end up in his arms

in some shape or form almost every week. You were hesitant to label it as anything; Billy didn't seem like the kind of person who had much time for labels – certainly not the kind to care, and it wasn't really a relationship in the truest sense of the word. You knew it was better this way – boys like Billy were like fire, and carelessly lit whatever was in their way for better or worse, but it still stung a little that you remained in this strange no-man's land where you were more than *nothing* but less than anything tangible. It was nice to not have to worry about keeping up niceties at school, but you also craved the status that came with a boy slung around your hips, strictly lower than what was deemed polite for company. You were certain he was far more territorial than you could ever be, and maybe it was best that you didn't have to see that side of him.

It still didn't make it hurt any less, though.

It had been entertaining watching him trying to scale the trellising outside your bedroom when he had arrived suddenly out of the dim lamplight of your street – there was a moment where both of you looked at each other as the thin wood creaked dangerously before he clambered through your window, swinging his legs over the window sill with a practiced ease that made your heart ache for all the wrong reasons.

"Your parents are home?" he had asked while shrugging off his jacket. You shook your head.

"Nah, I just wanted to see what would happen if it broke," you teased, ducking the arm that shot out. "Besides," you continued, cocking your head to the side as you took in his form, sans jacket – you could see his chest peeking through the shirt, and you swallowed in anticipation. "Now I know that you can get up," you continued, quickly tying your hair into a messy ponytail.

He narrowed his eyes at you. "Is that mean to be a fuckin' – a *youfor*-"

"Euphemism?" you supplied. He nodded, sitting down on your bed. His hands went to his shoes, and began to unlace them, looking at you with a calculating stare.

“I guess it depends,” you replied, draping your arms around his neck and threading your fingers through his hair as you sat down on his lap, enjoying how the denim of his pants felt against your thin pyjama bottoms. “I’m meant to be a good girl, after all.”

You hadn’t necessarily intended it to go this far – beyond just dry humping and some heavy petting, but there was a part of you that kept whispering *fuck it*.

Fuck him.

You’d let yourself go a little, allowing him more skin than you would normally afford, but he just felt so goddamn good against you – the friction of a jean-clad leg in between your thighs was pure *bliss* and, well...it had led to where you were now, under him and being thoroughly ravished.

His weight shifted on you, and your hands drifted down towards his belt his belt, fingers methodically unbuckling and unzipping – you felt Billy smirk toothily against your skin, biting the underside of your breast. He seemed to understand the pain tolerance you had – you weren’t terribly fond of proper pain, but he never went beyond whatever undefined line you had. You were still getting used to a rougher kind of sex; Billy was not someone who focused on soft touches and pliant kisses. He was firm in his ministrations, and rarely yielded whatever part of you he was currently focused on. This was wonderful at times, but it also could mean he’d bring you to orgasm three or four times in quick succession if he didn’t think you were enjoying it *just so*.

Tonight was shaping up to be different, however. As he moved to grab a condom out of his jeans pocket, you stayed his hand and shook your head.

“Go without,” you breathed, curling your fingers around his wrist, coaxing him away from his pocket.

“You’re-”

“I’m sure,” you cut over him, dragging his face down for a lush kiss that left both of you breathless.

“Y/n...”

You huffed, rolling the two of you over so you could straddle his hips, enjoying the dig of his erection in between your legs. You rolled your hips experimentally – this was a new position for you, and you rather enjoyed having him splayed out on your bed, eyes watching you lazily as you adjusted yourself. “We’ll be fine,” you cajoled him. “My period ended a few days ago-” his face scrunched up for a moment and you tried your best not to roll your eyes: *boys*. “It’s totally fine,” you insisted, running your hands over his bare chest, your fingernails leaving red marks in their wake. He moaned as you leaned over him, your breasts brushing the warm skin as your hands travelled up his neck, winding delicately around it. A well-placed thumb against the hollow of his throat made him still underneath you, and you kissed his cheek delicately, your other hand gripping onto his hair tightly.

“I want you to fuck me Billy,” you breathed next to his ear, smirking as you felt him harden beneath you even more. “I want you to fuck me *hard* and I want you to fuck me *fast* and I want you to fuck me *now*.” His hands gripped your hips tightly, his hands digging harshly into your skin and you let yourself be pushed off him, smiling with satisfaction as he quickly removed his jeans. His cock stood proud to attention, and from here you could see the tip already glistening slightly in the light from the window.

“Hard and fast babe?” Billy ground out, dragging off your pyjama bottoms and underwear with little effort – you lifted your hips to help, and shivered as he placed himself between your legs, rubbing his cock against your folds to lubricate. A toned arm held him above you as he continued to jerk his cock, watching how your breathing quickened, before dipping his head to kiss your stomach.

The stretch of him was sudden but delicious, and you sighed as he dropped kisses onto your neck, teeth scraping over the taut muscles. Somehow, he felt closer to you, tacitly so. His breath was hot against your skin, and you clung to him as a cool breeze shifted through the room. You felt so *full*, the burn of his cock against your walls almost painful until he was finally *in* – you possibly could’ve done with more preparation, but it was incredibly sexy to have him as is, twitching and leaking against you.

Your legs wrapped around his hips and you groaned as the new angle let him thrust even deeper into you. The friction was incredible – you swore you could almost feel him throbbing within you with every shift of his body against yours. Billy’s hips pumped in quick succession, and you let out a high-pitched moan as you could already feel your orgasm being teased.

“So hard-” you gasped, gripping onto his shoulders as best you could as he thrust harder against your sweat-slicked hips.

“Son of a-” Billy managed, before dropping his head onto your breast and latching onto the swollen and puckered nipple. The sensations were overstimulating – his teeth worrying the already sensitive bud, coupled with the harsh snap of his hips and the hand that drifted to hold your face still proved too much: you began to feel the familiar shiver travelling up your spine and you couldn’t help the sigh that escaped you.

“Billy, I’m gonna-”

“No,” he managed, lifting his head to capture your lips in a bruising kiss. “Not until I say so,” he growled, moving his lips to the shell of your ear, biting a little harder than normal. You whined, wrapping your arms around his neck and pulling him to be flush with you. Every nerve in your body was on fire and overly sensitised: you didn’t know how much longer you could hold out. It took every ounce of willpower to endure this sweet, sweet torture, though judging by Billy’s grunts and laboured breathing he was in a similar predicament. It was impossible to focus beyond *Billy* – every shift of him over your body brought along with it a wealth of sensations that were agony as much as relief.

His thumb swept over your clit suddenly, and you sobbed, digging your nails into his shoulders as you felt the pressure grow even greater – you were fit to burst at any second and if he didn’t –

“Now,” he said lowly, his fingers pulling at your clit and you shrieked, stiffening as you felt wave after wave of pleasure ride over you. Billy continued thrusting, his teeth worrying your other nipple as his free hand swept over the skin of your cheek. It was too much – you could feel tears prickling at the edges of your eyes as more waves

of pleasure crashed over you. Billy's fingers never left your clit, and you could already feel another orgasm coming on, stronger than the previous one.

"*Billy!*" you cried, trying to push him away as best you could, but he held firm against your weak arms. "I *can't*."

"Yes you can," he breathed, pressing a sloppy kiss against your jaw, and you could feel him grin against you as another orgasm broke over you, and the familiar shaking jerk of his hips as he came, swearing into your skin.

You slumped on the bed, your legs feeling like jelly as he slowly pulled out of you, the both of you groaning as he did so. The room reeked of sweat and sex, despite the open window, and you watched him with tired eyes as he went towards the bathroom down the hallway. You could hear the pipes creaking as he turned on the taps, and in your sex-induced stupor you wondered if he'd stay the night, or simply go back the way he came. It was hard to stay awake now – your eyelids were heavy as he padded back into the room, shuffling around for a while before you felt the mattress dip beside you.

The harsh smell of cigarette smoke filled the room and you drifted off, distantly aware of the fingers slowly combing through your hair.